

SEPTEMBER  
No. 62

10¢

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP  
I. C. D.  
9

# CRACK COMICS



*Captain*  
**TRIUMPH**  
stalks the  
**VANISHING  
VANDALS!**



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



BOYS! here's great news!

# ANNOUNCING: An amazing new game

turns OUTDOOR action  
into INDOOR thrills

## ELECTRIC BASEBALL

IT'S A  
**FENCE  
BUSTER**



CLOSE PLAYS LIKE  
THIS ARE BROUGHT  
INDOORS BY  
ELECTRIC BASEBALL



IT'S TOO BAD WE  
HAD TO CALL THE  
GAME BECAUSE  
OF DARKNESS!

OKAY, TOM! YOU'VE GOT  
US HERE! NOW ADMIT  
YOU WERE KIDDING,  
WHEN YOU SAID WE'D  
FINISH THE  
GAME IN  
YOUR HOME!

NOT AT ALL! WE CAN  
CONTINUE THE PLAY  
ON THIS ELECTRIC  
BASEBALL GAME!

SAY,  
THAT LOOKS  
SHARP! LET'S  
PLAY!



MAN ON 2ND AND 3RD--  
A HIT MEANS TWO RUNS  
IF YOU'RE FAST ON THE  
TRIGGER BAT,  
YOU'LL WIN!

STRIKE  
HIM OUT,  
TOM!

I WANT TO PLAY THE  
WINNER! THAT'S THE  
BEST LOOKING GAME  
I'VE SEEN!

WATCH MY  
FAST BALL!

YOU HAVE TO "SWING"  
THE BAT AT THE RIGHT  
SPLIT SECOND AND  
KEEP TRACK OF  
STRIKES, BALLS,  
HITS, OUTS, RUNS,  
INNINGS, ETC!

PLAY BALL--  
I'M ALL  
SET!

SCIENTIFIC, YET  
AS EXCITING AS  
CAN BE!



### SPECIAL \$3 if you act fast

The 1949 Varsity Model Electric Baseball Game is an outstanding value at the delivered price of \$3. Hurry—send for your game—right now. Games come complete with long-life battery, tested miniature lamps, ready to play. Big 14 x 16 Ponderosa Pine frame encloses the maze of wires, soldered connections, and the mechanical bat, topped by the colorful water repellent playing diamond.

WE PAY POSTAGE...  
MONEYBACK GUARANTEE  
5 DAYS' TRIAL



STEEL BALL  
SHOOTS THROUGH SLOT

COLORLED LIGHTS  
FLASH THE PLAY

BATTER MUST BE  
ON THE BUTTON  
TO "CONNECT"

UMPIRE  
DECIDES ALL  
CLOSE PLAYS



## Hi, FELLERS!

Get busy. Be first to own this famous Electric Baseball Game. Have your chums over for some fun. REAL FUN—for the electric lights and trigger bat capture the excitement of big league baseball, play by play. Lamps flash as the ball smashes into the "electric brain". Good baseball sense helps to win. You'll learn smart baseball easily. The more you play, the more you'll want to play. Produced by the makers of the "World's biggest selling Baseball and Football games, because they are Electric". Endorsed by parents, famous coaches, sports writers and boys who love baseball.

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HOLYOKE, MASS.

act fast

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Amount Enclosed

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Street

City and Zone

State

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- ☐ Electric Baseball \$3.00
- ☐ Electric Football \$3.00

#### NEW SUPER MODELS

- ☐ Electric Baseball \$10
- ☐ Electric Football \$10

#### CASH or C.O.D.

- ☐ Full payment with order—no collections
- ☐ Send \$1 deposit. C.O.D. Postman collects balance. All Games Postpaid



# CAPTAIN TRIUMPH



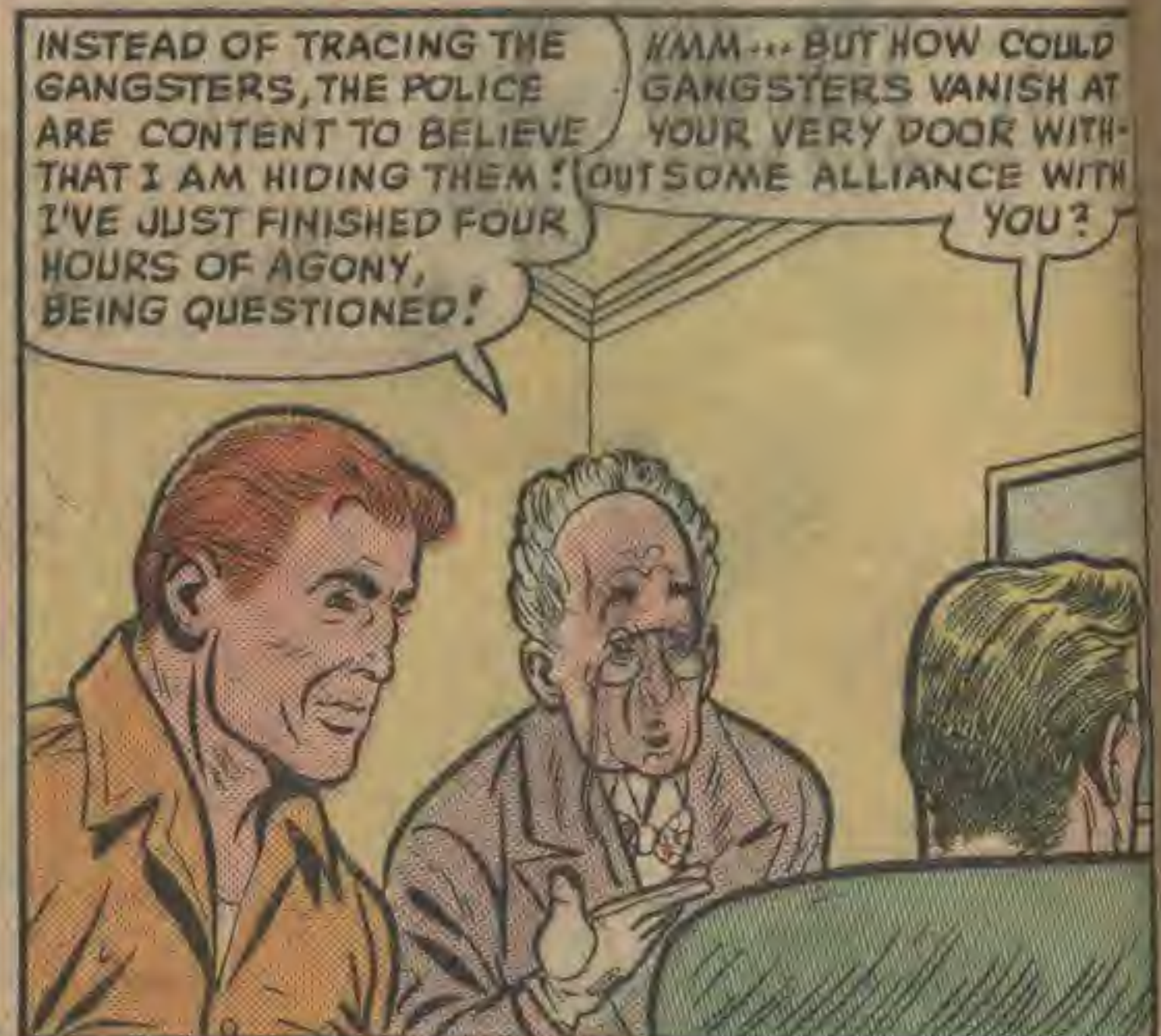
A CITY WAS  
RAVAGED BY  
A STRANGE  
HORDE OF  
HOLDUP MEN  
WHO SEEMED  
TO MELT AWAY  
WHEN PURSUED!  
*But* THEIR  
SECRET WAS  
A SIMPLE ONE  
AFTER ALL, AS  
*Captain*  
**TRIUMPH**  
DEMONSTRATED!

LANCE GALLANT TOUCHES THE MARK OF MYSTERY ON  
HIS WRIST... AND IMMEDIATELY BLENDS WITH THE SPIRIT  
OF HIS TWIN BROTHER, MICHAEL, TO FORM THE FEAR-  
LESS CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!





# CRACK COMICS







NOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? LANCE IS QUITTING COLD ON THAT POOR LITTLE OLD FELLOW... QUITTING ON US, TOO!

IT'S NOT LIKE HIM, BIFF! WHY DOES HE ACT LIKE THAT... WHY?



BIFF AND KIM ARE TOO EAGER! THEY'LL WANT TO TAG ALONG AS USUAL... PERHAPS THEY'LL GET INTO MORE TROUBLE THAN THEY EXPECT!



SO WHEN CAPTAIN TRIUMPH GOES ON THIS MYSTERIOUS ERRAND, HE'S GOING TO GO ALONE! I'LL SLIP AWAY WITHOUT THEM!



IF LANCE WON'T HELP LAMONT, I'M GOING TO! WHAT WAS THAT ADDRESS... 88 HERRICK LANE?



WAIT, BIFF! I'M COMING WITH YOU!



THEY'VE GONE OUT FOR A WALK OR SOMETHING... PEEVED AT ME, NO DOUBT! HERE'S MY CHANCE TO KEEP THEM OUT OF DANGER!



Lance Gallant touches the strange T-mark on his wrist and...



NOW CAPTAIN TRIUMPH WILL LOOK INTO WHAT SEEMS TO BE BOTHERING OLD MR. LAMONT!







# CRACK COMICS











THE POLICE ARE BUSY COMBING THE CITY FOR LAMONT, KIM AND BIFF! NO TIME TO TELL THEM THAT THE DISAPPEARANCE MAY HAVE HAPPENED RIGHT HERE...IN A HOUSE THAT ONCE BELONGED TO THE MASTER OF A VANISHING ACT!



MAYBE THE WALL HAS PANELS...OR THE FURNITURE CONCEALS SOME HIDDEN DOORWAY!



ALL THESE GADGETS SEEM OF THE REGULAR SORT...AND NO DOOR LEADS TO ANY SECRET ROOM OR CORRIDOR!



I STILL THINK THE ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY IS IN THIS VERY HOUSE! BUT SO FAR I'VE NOT FOUND IT!



EVERYTHING SEEMS AS NORMAL AND NATURAL AS THAT LITTLE FLOWER! YET...MAYBE THEY AREN'T MORE THAN A DOZEN FEET AWAY!



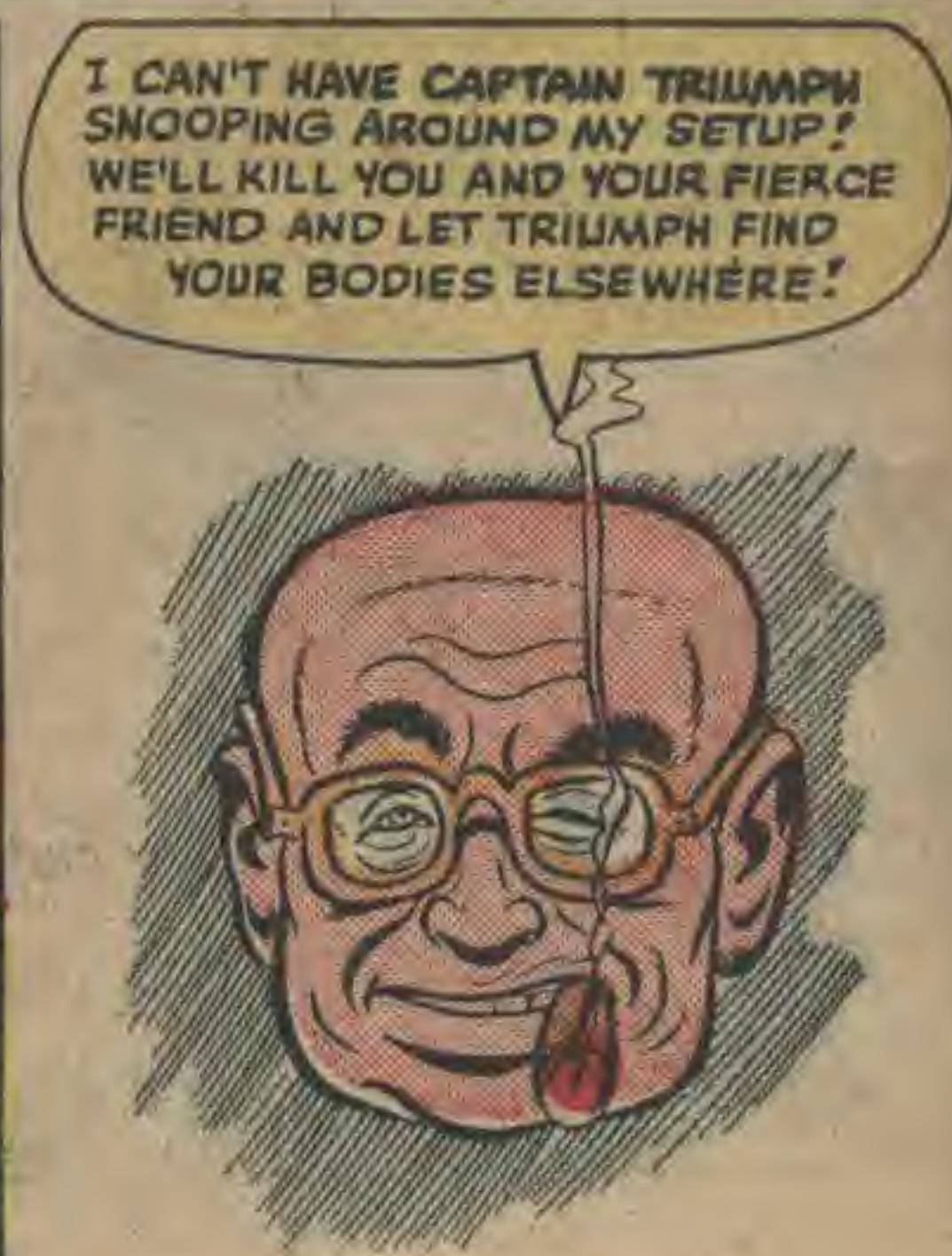
At that moment...

NOT A SOUND UNTIL THAT HEAVY-FOOTED COP, OR WHOEVER IT IS, QUITS CLUMPING AROUND OVER OUR HEADS!

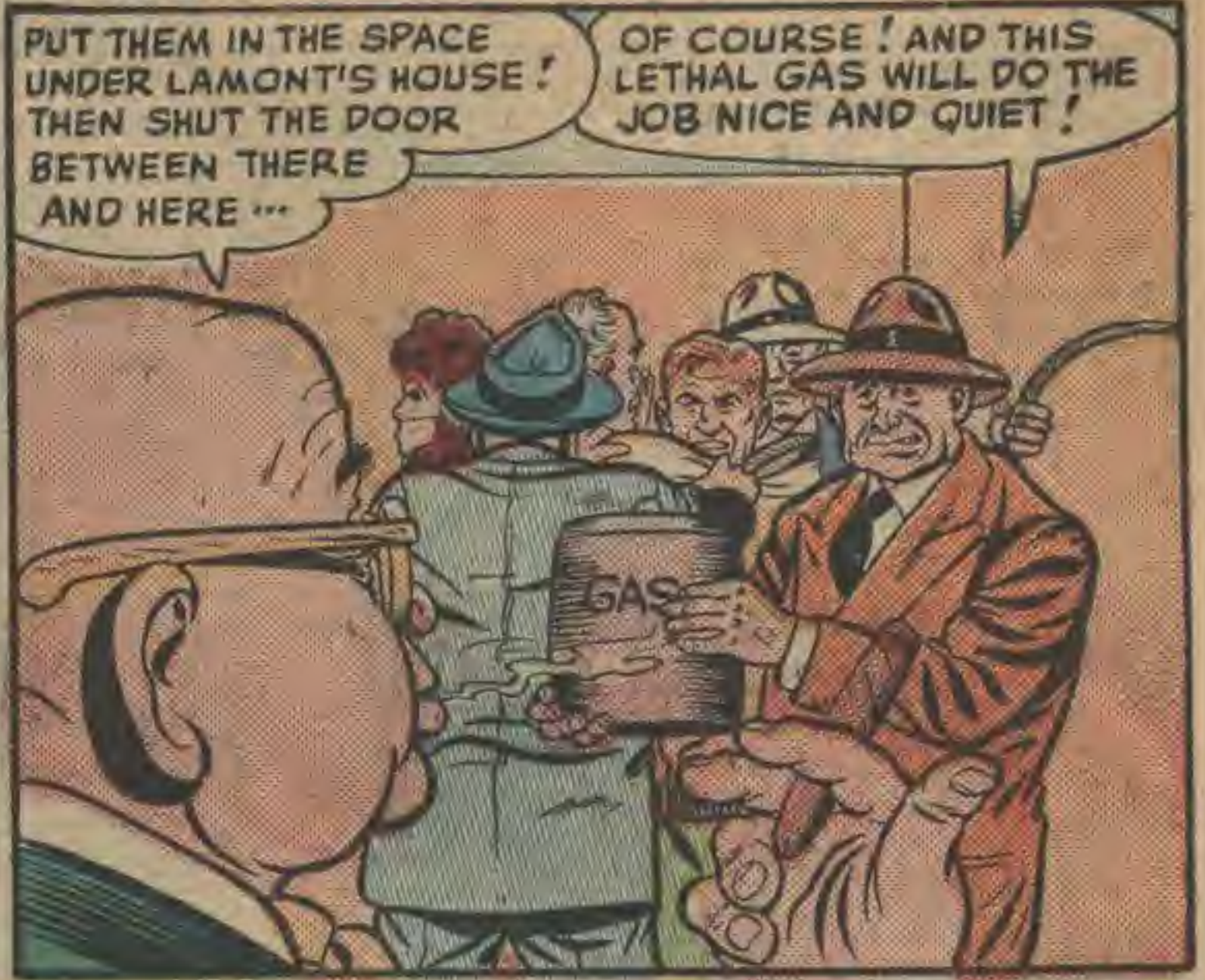
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND! FOR TWENTY YEARS I'VE LIVED IN THIS HOUSE AND NEVER KNEW ABOUT THIS CELLAR, BUT YOU MEN KNOW IT...AND USE ITS SECRET ENTRANCE!



# CRACK COMICS















I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS JOKER, CAP!



BIFF DOES SUCH THINGS PRETTY WELL DOESN'T HE? CAPTAIN TRIUMPH TAUGHT HIM!

YOU'RE IN CHARGE DOWN HERE, BIFF! I STILL WANT TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH THE BRAINS OF THE MOB!



I ALWAYS FEARED THIS SETUP WOULD GO TO PIECES...AND I PLANNED IN ADVANCE WHAT TO DO!



THIS IS THE CREAM OF A DOZEN HEISTINGS! ENOUGH TO LIVE ON WHILE I GO FAR AWAY AND START OVER AGAIN UNDER A NEW NAME!

IT WON'T BE A NAME YOU'LL ANSWER TO, MY FRIEND! IT'LL BE A **NUMBER!**



GOOD THING YOU DIDN'T SUCCEED IN KILLING MY FRIENDS! OTHERWISE YOU'D BE EXECUTED FOR MURDER AND NEVER ANSWER TO ANYTHING!

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! I'M SORRY IF I WAS ABRUPT IN LEAVING THE LITTLE PARTY DOWNSTAIRS! I'VE ALWAYS ADMIRERD YOU!



NEVER MIND THE SARCASM! I SUPPOSE THIS BAGFUL REPRESENTS THE LOOT YOU'VE TAKEN IN YOUR HOLDUPS!

SOME OF IT, YES! BUT THE REAL PRIZE, CAPTAIN, IS THIS **CASKET!**









LET THOSE STUPID STOOGES OF MY GANG TAKE THE RAP! I'M GOING AND I'LL NEVER COME BACK!

RIGHT, MOXON!



YOU'RE GOING AWAY AND YOU'LL NEVER COME BACK!



I PREDICT A LIFE SENTENCE FOR YOU!

WHAT'S HAPPENING, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH? THE NEIGHBORS TURNED IN A RIOT CALL!



GO INSIDE AND DOWN TO THE BASEMENT! YOU'LL FIND THE MYSTERIOUS CROOKS THERE... ALSO MY FRIENDS WHO VANISHED! THEY'LL EXPLAIN!

I RECOGNIZE SOME OF THIS LOOT! IT'S THE MOB WE'RE AFTER, ALL RIGHT!



SEEKING A HIDDEN NOOK, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH AGAIN TOUCHES THE MYSTERIOUS MARK...

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH CAN GO OFF DUTY NOW! AND LANCE GALLANT WILL COME BACK!



YOUR FRIEND CAPTAIN TRIUMPH ARRIVED, MR. GALLANT... WITHOUT A SECOND TO SPARE! THANKS FOR SENDING HIM!

SOMETIMES HE CUTS IT PRETTY CLOSE, BUT HE'S ALWAYS THERE ON TIME!



# Molly the Model

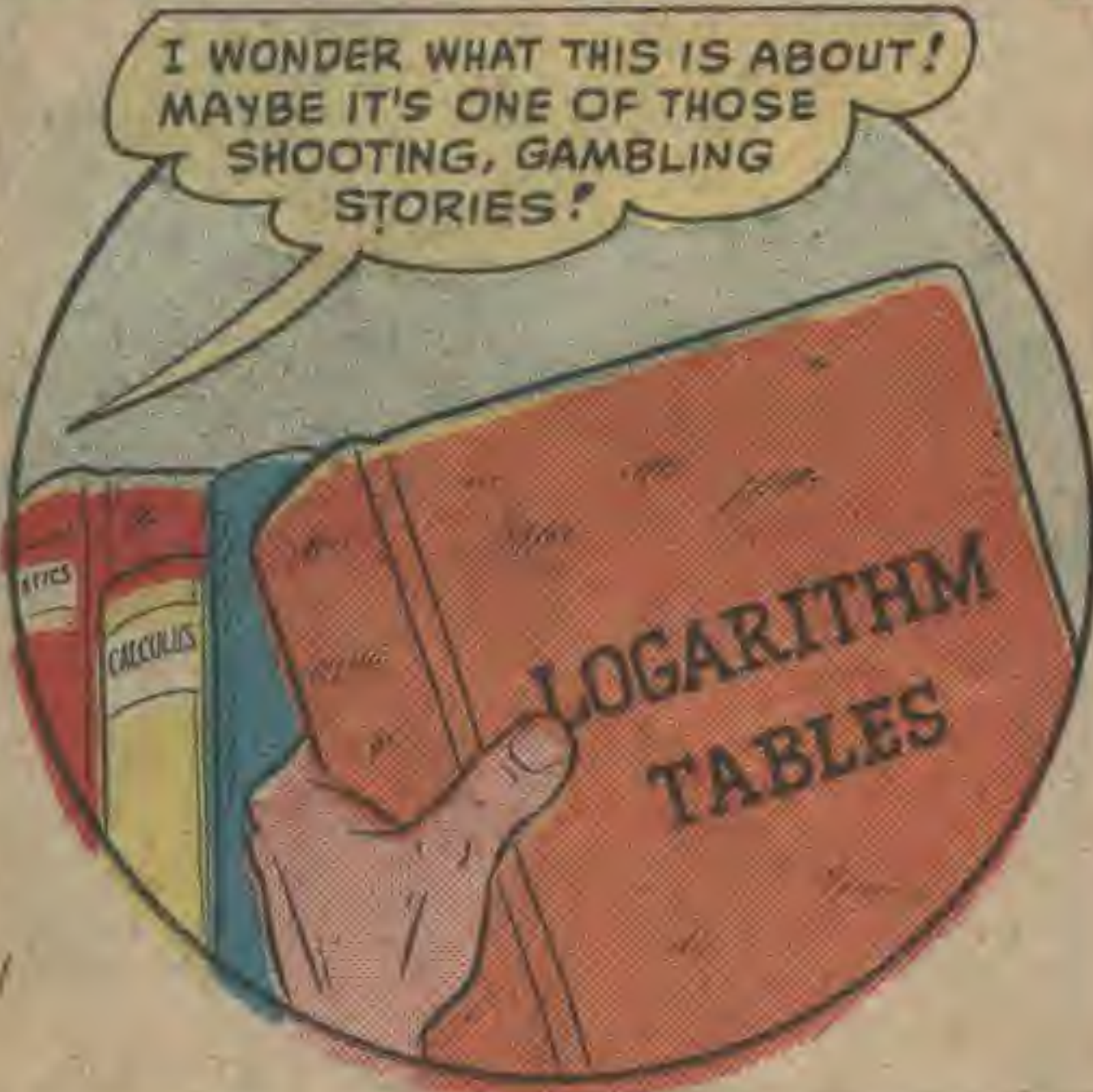




# Batch Bachelor

















# CRACK COMICS



YOU OUGHT TO LEARN SOMETHING FROM THIS! LOTS OF BOOKS HERE, YOU KNOW!



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR DUMPING ALL THESE BOOKS?

I SUPPOSE I AM... BUT YOU SEE...



I KNOW VERY WELL WHAT I SEE, AND THERE'S A LAW AGAINST DAMAGING CITY PROPERTY!

LOOK! IT'S PILFERING PEGGY!



AND CRACKSMAN CONWAY! TO THINK WE CAME HERE TO STUDY FOR OUR SERGEANTS' EXAMS... AND MAKE A PINCH LIKE THIS!

WHO NAILED HIM UNDER THOSE BOOKS?



BATCH BACHELOR DID!

THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS STOLEN FROM THE ACME COMPANY'S SAFE! WHERE DID YOU FIND IT?



IT WAS IN A BOOK!

AFTER WE DID THE SAFE JOB, I DOUBLE-CROSSED CONWAY AND HID IT THERE! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE MOVED THE BOOK, BECAUSE WHEN I CAME BACK FOR IT, I COULDN'T FIND IT!



WANT TO KNOW HOW IT ALL STARTED, BUNNY?

NEVER MIND, BATCH! YOU'D BETTER GO HOME AND WRITE A BOOK OF EXPLANATIONS ON WHY YOU WERE HUGGING THAT GIRL!



# HACK O'HARA

Romance...Adventure...  
Mystery...

They're all flagging  
down the taxi driven  
by husky, handsome  
**HACK O'HARA**



CAB,  
SIR?

THANKS! DRIVE AT  
ONCE TO THE  
RAIKES ESTATE!  
STRAIGHT OUT  
PRINCE ROAD FOR  
TWO MILES!

IF THE LADY'S  
HURT OR SICK,  
DOUGHTN'T I  
DRIVE HER TO  
A DOCTOR?

I DIDN'T  
ASK FOR  
YOUR  
ADVICE,  
WHATEVER  
YOUR NAME  
IS!

HACK O'HARA'S  
MY NAME! YOU  
CAN READ IT ON  
THE LICENSE  
POSTED BACK  
THERE!

VERY GOOD,  
HACK O'HARA!  
DRIVE WHERE  
I TELL YOU  
WITHOUT AN-  
OTHER WORD OR  
MY GUN BEGINS  
TO SPEAK...  
VERY LOUDLY  
AND HARSHLY!

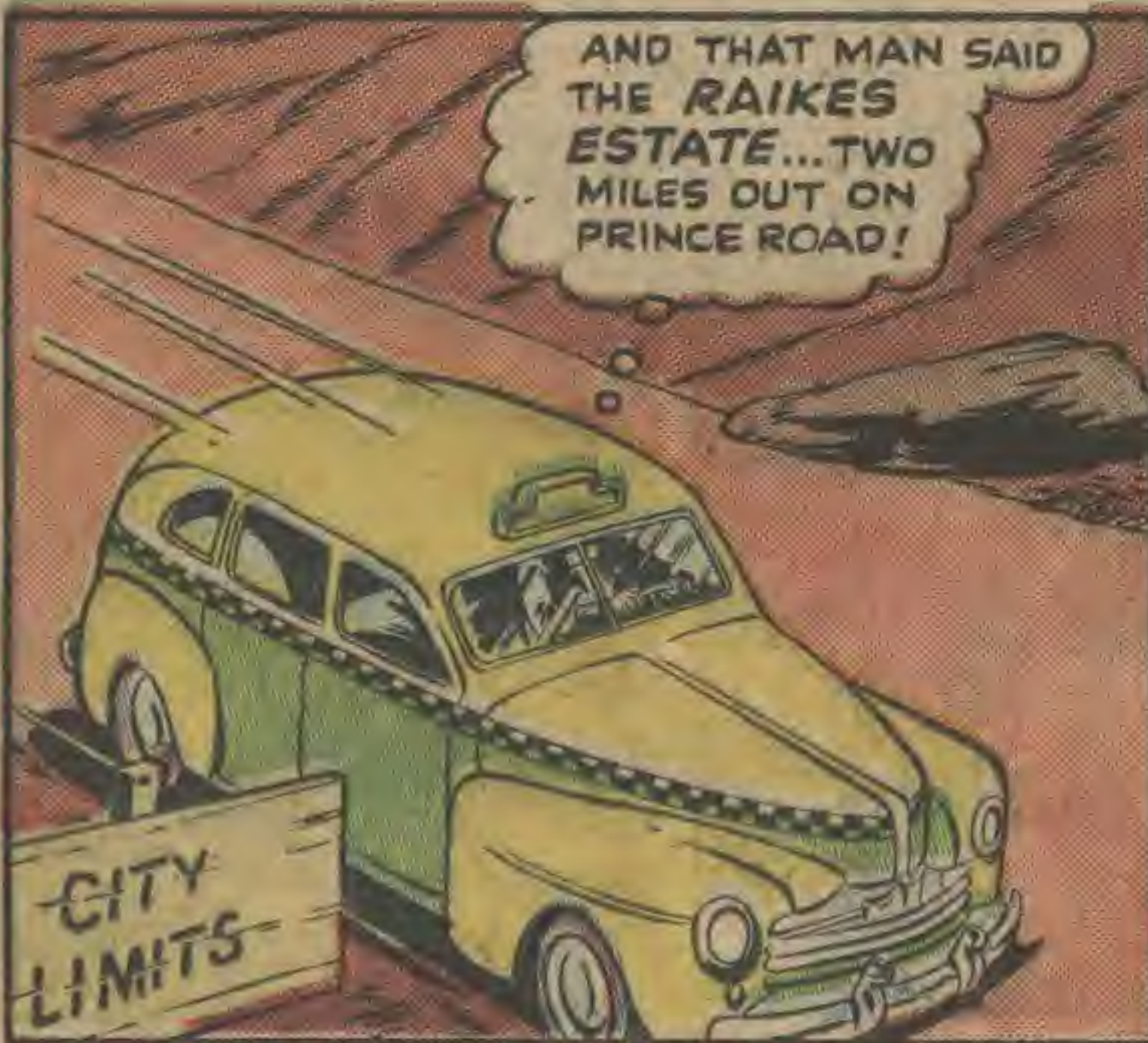








# CRACK COMICS





# CRACK COMICS



NOT SO LOUD!  
TAKE HIM  
INTO THE  
HOUSE!



WHO IS THIS  
STRANGER,  
PORRO?

A CAPTIVE..  
ONE WHO  
MAY SAVE  
HIS LIFE BY  
HELPING US!  
INSIDE,  
SIR!



BAR THE  
DOOR, SVANN!  
YOU'RE PROBABLY  
THE FOREIGN SPIES  
WHO ARE AFTER A  
GOVERNMENT  
SECRET... A LADY  
OPERATIVE WHO  
TRACKED YOU DOWN  
WAS DRUGGED BY YOU!  
BUT I SAVED HER  
LAST NIGHT!



WHERE IS SHE? WHAT  
DID SHE DO WITH  
THE DOCUMENT?  
TELL US QUICKLY,  
OR...

YES, OR YOU'LL HAVE  
YOUR CHOICE OF  
DEATHS! THE GUN OR  
SVANN'S STRANGLING  
HANDS!



I'VE GOT IT!  
A WAY TO PUT  
THEM OFF  
GUARD,  
PERHAPS...

YOU HAVE IT!!!  
HAND IT TO ME THIS  
INSTANT!

DOCUMENT, YOU  
SAY? THAT MUST BE  
THE PAPER SHE  
GAVE ME TO KEEP  
SAFE FOR HER!



I HAVEN'T GOT IT  
WITH ME, NATURALLY!  
IT'S HIDDEN OUT IN  
MY CAB!

YOU AND I WILL  
GO OUT THERE  
AND GET IT AT  
ONCE!



NOT YOU! HE OVER-  
POWERED YOU ONCE!  
LET SVANN TAKE  
HIM TO THE CAB!

AYE! IF HE HESITATES  
OR RESISTS, I'LL  
KILL HIM LIKE A  
FLY!







# CRACK COMICS



GIVE ME THAT GUN!

HERE'S SOMETHING TO COOL HIM!



A STONE-AGE TRICK, EH? JUST WATCH THE CHIPS FLY, BUD!



MY POOR OLD JALOPY HAS TO DO AMBULANCE DUTY AGAIN!



HACK O'HARA! WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO SHOW UP!

GLAD YOU'RE HERE, FEENEY! TAKE CHARGE OF THESE SPIES I HAVE HERE... MAYBE ONE OF THEM WILL GET UP THE TAXI FARE FOR THE RIDE!



YOU SEEM TO BE THE ONE I CAN THANK FOR SAVING MY LIFE! NOW I'LL START AFTER THOSE FOREIGN AGENTS AGAIN!

NO NEED TO GO VERY FAR! THEY CAME HERE WITH ME!



Water...

THE MAYOR WANTS YOU TO COME TO A PUBLIC BANQUET AS A GUEST OF HONOR... TO BE THANKED AS YOU DESERVE!

IF YOU'LL BE THERE, I'LL ACCEPT!



And so...

AS MAYOR OF THIS CITY, IT IS MY PLEASURE TO PRESENT TO YOU, MR. O'HARA, THE BRAVE AND MODEST HERO WHO...

I WISH THIS WAS OVER, SO WE COULD TAKE A LITTLE MOONLIGHT SPIN TOGETHER IN THAT TAXI OF MINE!



# WATER GRAVE

"I DON'T get this business at all," Biff growled. "We rent a fancy speedboat that'll do an easy thirty, and spend all afternoon just drifting around while Kim poses in a bathing suit and you sit in the bow wearing a phony beard."

Lance Gallant chuckled at his burly friend. "It's a hunch I'm playing, Biff. Four wealthy sportsmen have vanished from their craft on this lake. I suspect foul play so we're being bait in a trap."

Kim shook out her beautiful hair. "I understand all that, Lance, but how can it be foul play in the middle of a lake in broad daylight? Witnesses swear there was no boat near the ones where the men vanished. And this resort lake isn't big enough for a submarine."

"It could be," Lance said cryptically. "Maybe we'll find out."

Without warning there was an odd swirl in the blue water beyond the bow. Something pale and ghostly shimmered close to the surface of the water and then vanished.

"Don't look," Lance warned softly. "Pretend you didn't see a thing. I think we're getting a nibble and I don't want to scare our fish away."

Again the odd swirl came, this time almost under the bow. Lance, watching from a corner of his eye, saw the same hazy figure coming up from the depths and he set himself for what he felt sure would be the sudden grasp of clawed hands jerking him overboard. "My hunch is right," he whispered. "It is a man, swimming under water."

The next instant a weird figure shot from the water. He caught a glimpse of a hideous, goggled face, claw-like hands outstretched—and then it was Kim, not himself, who shrieked once and vanished into the boiling whirlpool.

Biff was on his feet, roaring his rage, jerking off his shirt. Lance jumped up. "Not you, Biff. This is something no ordinary mortal can handle. Leave it to someone who isn't mortal."

As Biff gaped, Lance touched the odd birthmark on his wrist. At the signal, a shimmering form appeared—the figure of his dead twin brother, Michael—and the next instant the two, spirit and flesh, had blended into the mighty

form of Captain Triumph. With a warning to Biff to stand by, Captain Triumph arched into the air and struck the water with scarcely a splash.

He shot down into the cool, blue-green depths of the lake. A mere mortal would have had difficulty with swimming, with breathing and with seeing, but Captain Triumph was no mere mortal. Like a knife his mighty figure cleaved the waters as his searching eyes peered ahead.

Suddenly he caught sight of his quarry, a weird, man-like creature racing deeper and deeper, dragging the faintly-struggling Kim behind him. A pang of fear shot through Captain Triumph's heart. Kim could not stay much longer under water. Even the struggle of rescuing her might waste the last precious seconds of hope for her revival.

Then suddenly a patch of light showed and the figures ahead vanished from sight. A moment later Captain Triumph was crouching on the sandy bottom, gaping at an incredible sight.

A huge iron boiler lay on the bottom, dropped from the stock used in building the huge dam and power plant that formed this lake. Air pressure within kept the water back from an open hatch beneath and inside, the old boiler had been fitted as a luxurious apartment with electric lights and comfortable furniture. The four missing men were there, bound to chairs at one side, and their captor was placing an inhalator mask over the face of Kim.

An instant later Captain Triumph shot into the underwater apartment. The weird figure whirled, reaching for a long knife, but Captain Triumph was upon him too fast. Mighty fists lashed out and the figure went limp.

"Captain Triumph," Kim gasped, then, sitting up. "You saved my life. But what—? Who—?"

Captain Triumph bent and snatched rubber fins and the goggle mask from the figure on the floor. "Nate Anson, former swimming champ who turned crook. Lance suspected Anson. The goggles held enough air for the trip to his underwater hideout and the fins gave him uncanny speed. He probably meant to demand ransom for his captives but he'll have other things on his mind for the next fifty years, I'm sure."



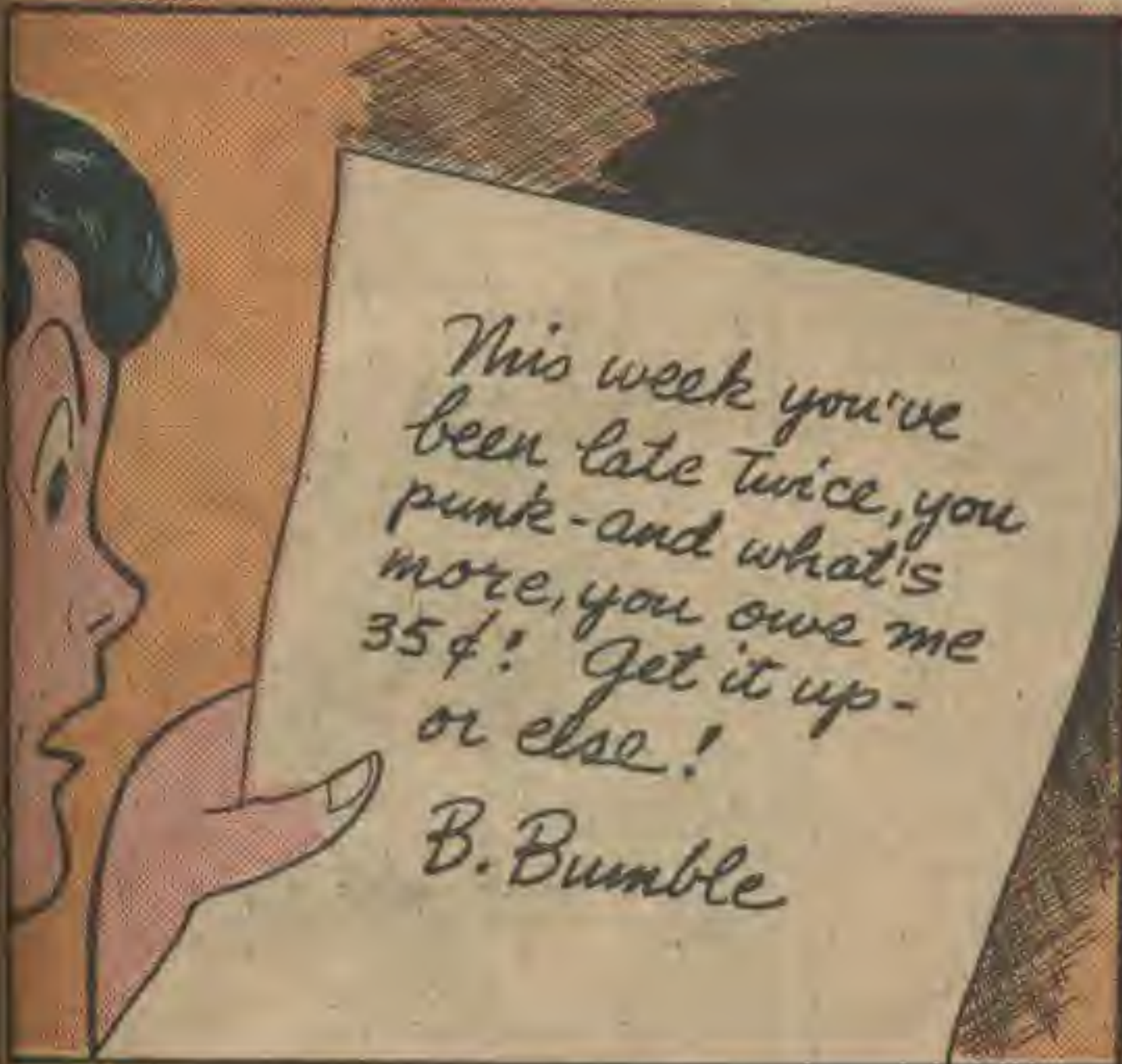
# BEEZY

















# CRACK COMICS







# Coaster Brake Wins Again!



**Built and tested in the hills of New York State!**



That's right! Bendix<sup>®</sup> Coaster Brakes are tested in the hills around our factory—and you should see how high and how steep they are! One test hill is over a mile long, and by the time we get to the bottom our bikes are really flying—though always under perfect control! On the curves, too, Bendix Coaster Brakes work like magic—slow us down until we're safely around, then let us pick up full speed again in a jiffy! Actual comparisons prove that Bendix coasts farther and faster! Ask your bicycle dealer to show you a Bendix Coaster Brake with all its new features, and always make sure any new bike you get has a Bendix Coaster Brake.

\*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of



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# What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into **MEN!**

*Charles Atlas*

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**G**IVE ME a skinny, pepleless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll *feel* and *look* different! You'll begin to *LIVE!*



## Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much *on top of the world* in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

### What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how *short* a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny, shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

### One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 W, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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